Sleepless Nights

by CaptainSwanLuver

Summary: Killian helps Emma deal with her sleepless nights in the Underworld.

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Title: Sleepless Nights

Author: Steph aka CaptainSwanLuver

Rating: G

Pairing: Killian/Emma

Characters: Killian, Emma

Category: Romance/Drama

Disclaimer: I do this out of a love for this couple. No infringement is intended.

Spoilers: Inspired by the sneak peek for the next episode 5x17.

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Note: Thanks for the responses to Only Beginning. So glad you enjoyed it! After I saw the sneak peak for tomorrow's episode, I had only one thought: How did Killian know Emma hasn't slept since she rescued him? Well, this is my answer to that. Hope you enjoy it! ~Steph

...Sleepless Nights: Part 1/1...

Emma lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling. She had been trying to fall asleep for the last three hours. Images of Killian's bloody, beaten body kept assaulting her every time she closed her eyes. She was overjoyed at being reunited with him, but now fear filled her at the thought that she might not be able to bring him back to life.

Killian lay on the other side of the wall in a similar state. They had awkwardly said goodnight in the hall, neither of them gathering the courage to say what they both desired: to spend the night in each other's arms. They knew this wasn't the time or the place to make love for the first time, but that didn't mean they couldn't still spend the night together.

Emma finally took a deep breath and climbed out of bed. She left her bedroom and moved to the doorway of the room Killian was in. She stood there in silence for a moment, staring at his figure in bed and trying to determine if he was a asleep.

He turned his eyes to her. "Can't sleep either, love?"

Emma shook her head. "Not a wink."

Killian held his hand out to her. "Come here," he said softly.

Emma was suddenly aware of what she wore: a thin tank top and white lace panties. Her eyes moved to his figure. He was bare chested and the rest of him was covered by the blanket.

Emma swallowed hard as she came to stand beside the bed. She slipped her hand in his and he used his hook to pull back the covers, revealing a pair of boxer briefs covering his lower half.

Emma slid into bed beside him and he threw the covers over her. His arm wrapped around her, as she lay her head on his chest. She smiled at the feel of his skin against hers.

Killian felt his skin heat up at her touch. He had wanted to make love to her for so long. He had dreamt of the feel of her skin against his. He had imagined slowly peeling off her clothes to reveal her beautiful body. He'd spent endless nights thinking about holding her in his arms as they explored every part of each other. He knew that when the moment came it would be incredible. But for now this would be enough.

Emma brought her hand up to play with his chains. "Tell me a story."

Killian chuckled. "Like a bedtime story?"

Emma smiled. "I'm not four. Tell me a story from your pirating days."

Killian shrugged, as he looked down at her. "Well, if assistance falling asleep is what you require, love, then I am afraid I can't help. My stories are far too exciting to lull anyone into a slumber."

Emma's voice softened, as she propped her chin up on his chest and met his eyes. "I know sleep won't come. I just want to hear your

voice. I missed your voice."

"Just my voice?" he asked, arching an eyebrow.

She smiled. "I missed everything about you. But your voice has always been calming to me. It's soothing."

Killian stroked Emma's hair. "Alright, love." He paused. "Did I ever tell you about the time my hook was stolen?"

Emma shook her head with a chuckle and then settled it back down onto his chest. "No."

Killian licked at his lips. "My mates and I had come into a port. We had done our usual carousing. I'd had a bit too much rum and passed out on a stack of flour sacks. I woke the next morning to find my hook gone. I was quite angry and tore through the village in search of it. I finally found two little boys using it to pretend to be pirates."

"Aw, that's cute," Emma said.

He nodded. "That it was. My anger subsided. I found some scrap metal and fashioned two hooks for them. They returned my hook with an apology."

Emma looked up at him with a smile. "You've always had a soft spot for children, haven't you? You're great with Henry."

Killian bobbed his head. "I suppose I have."

"You're going to be a great dad one day, Killian," Emma said, as she linked their fingers together.

Killian placed a kiss to her hair, as he silently pushed down his fears of fatherhood. "I hope I get the chance."

Emma blinked back tears. "You will."

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The following night, there was no awkward hallway goodnight or a discussion of any kind. Emma simply took Killian's hand in hers and led him into her bedroom. They stood before each other and went about undressing one another in silence, until Killian was left in his boxer briefs and Emma in her tank and panties.

She led the way to the bed and crawled beneath the covers. Killian followed and she snuggled up close to him.

He stroked her hair. "You need to sleep, love."

"So do you."

"My body no longer requires sleep likes yours does. After all, I am dead."

Emma swallowed hard. She had to keep reminding herself that he was not alive. He felt alive. He felt warm and just as she remembered. There was a part of her that didn't want to remember that he was dead

because it was a stark reminder that she might not be able to bring him back. She knew that these moments they spent wrapped up in each other might be the only ones they ever got.

They lay in silence for a long time, enjoying the feel of each other. Killian eventually drifted off to sleep but Emma didn't.

She was overwhelmed with worry. What if she couldn't bring him back? What if she couldn't get them home?

Killian woke 4 hours later to an empty feeling. He looked down to find Emma gone. His eyes scanned the room but she wasn't there. He felt a moment of panic. Had it all been a dream? Had he imagined it all? Was Emma still in Storybrooke and was he still trapped all alone in this wretched place for eternity?

Killian jumped out of bed and hurried into the hallway. He saw a glow coming from downstairs and heard some muffled sounds. He flew down the stairs and into the living room. He stopped dead in his tracks and breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of Emma sitting on the couch watching TV.

He didn't say a word. He just sat down beside her. She smiled and placed her head on his shoulder, as he wrapped his arm around her. She pulled a blanket from the back of the couch and covered them both with it.

"What are you watching?"

"Well, turns out Underbrooke's TV programming leaves a lot to be desired. They have shows like in our world, but just the negative version. You know all those ones you've been watching on Netflix?"

Killian nodded. He'd become addicted to classic television shows. "Aye."

Emma flipped through the channels and pointed at the TV with the remote. "Instead of 'Friends', they have 'Enemies'. Instead of 'Everybody Loves Raymond' they have 'Everybody Hates Raymond'. 'I Love Lucy' has been replaced by 'I Loathe Lucy'. And 'Happy Days'? It's now called 'Unhappy Days'."

"Bloody hell. Is nothing sacred?" Killian said.

Emma laughed. "It gets worse. You've been watching those classic movies too, right?"

"Aye."

"Remember 'Home Alone'?"

Killian nodded. "With the lad who outwits the bandits. Clever fellow."

"Not here. Here the robbers kidnap the boy and demand ransom. He never sees his family again. 'It's a Wonderful Life'? Now it's called 'It's A Dreadful Life'. He realizes his family is better off without him and it ends with him choosing to kill himself."

Killian sighed heavily and took the remote from her. He turned the TV off. "Love, I don't think these will help you sleep."

"The only thing that will help me sleep is defeating Hades," she said.

"Emma, I think you're putting far too much pressure on yourself."

She shook her head firmly. "This is my doing, Killian. Everyone followed me here to help save you. They trusted me. They put their faith in me."

"Just as they always do."

"Well, maybe they shouldn't," she whispered, her gaze moving to the blanket.

Killian touched her chin so she would look at him. "Hey, don't talk like that. They believe in you. I believe in you. But you're not in this alone. We're going to figure this out together and then we can go home."

Emma's managed a small smile, as she lifted her lips to his in a kiss. "When you say it, I believe it."

"Good," he replied softly.

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The following night, Emma and Killian were lying in bed. Her back was to him, his arm draped across her waist. Her head fit perfectly just below his chin, like it was made to go there.

"Are you ready to tell me what your nightmare was about tonight on the roof?" he whispered in her ear.

Emma didn't turn to face him. "I told you it was nothing."

He let out a sigh. "Emma, you were an open book to me the moment we met. It didn't matter how many walls you had. I can always tell when you're keeping something from me. I know when something is bothering you. I know you well, love."

Emma slowly turned around in his arms, her eyes meeting his. They were so close, she could feel his warm breath on her face.

"It was about my mother."

"What about her?"

"In my nightmare, she died down here. Hades killed her to punish me for trying to defeat him," Emma said, emotion overtaking her voice.

Killian watched her eyes fill with tears. He lifted his hand to her cheek and gently brushed one away with his thumb.

"It wasn't real, love. It was just a nightmare. It's not a prediction of the future."

She swallowed around a lump in her throat. "How do you know? It could be."

He shook his head. "If there's one thing I've learned about the future, Emma, it's that it is not set in stone. We have the power to change it. Our actions can change our fate."

"But that's what I'm afraid of. What if my actions cause my mother's death?"

Her tears came in full force now. Killian placed a kiss to her forehead and pulled her close to him, his chin resting atop her head.

"You and your family made me believe in hope, Emma. When I ended up down here and I was being tortured by Hades, I didn't have any hope. I thought this was my fate and you were lost to me forever. And then there you were. Doing what seemed impossible. Never giving up. Emma, you don't fail. You just figure out another way to succeed. And I have absolute faith that this time will be no different."

Emma smiled, his words slowly working their way into her heart and mind.

She nuzzled her face into his neck. "Thank you for always believing in me."

Killian wrapped his arms more tightly around her.

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The following night was just like the previous ones. They lay wrapped up in each other, but sleep wouldn't come for Emma. Killian was just about to suggest they go to the living room for a change of scenery, when he heard something he hadn't heard before. Emma's breathing had slowed and she was releasing little puffs of air through her lips.

Killian looked down at her, smiling at the sight of her eyes closed and her lips slightly parted. She was finally sleeping. She looked so peaceful that he ached to touch her. He wanted to run his thumb across her soft lips. He wanted to caress her cheek with the back of his hand. But he didn't dare touch her, except to wrap his arm more tightly around her waist. He didn't want to risk waking her.

Emma hadn't felt this at peace in a long time. She was having a wonderful dream. They were all back in Storybrooke. They had just come from a celebration dinner at Granny's. Killian and Emma were walking hand-in-hand down the sidewalk. Killian stopped and turned to Emma, smiling brightly. He told her he loved her. Then he leaned down and placed a kiss to her lips. Emma snaked her arms around his neck, her hand going to the back of his head to deepen the kiss.

But suddenly the earth beneath them opened up. A fiery glow emanated from below. Killian was ripped from Emma's arms and sucked into the hole. Emma stood in shock at the sudden loss of the man she loved, her gaze moving to the abyss beneath her. Fear filled her eyes, but she didn't hesitate. She jumped in after him and the earth closed up, as if nothing had ever happened.

Emma and Killian found themselves back in the Underworld. They were standing on the cliff that hung over the sea of fire. Killian stood before Emma. She reached out to him but even though he seemed within reach, he felt a million miles away.

"Killian!"

"Emma!" he screamed, his arm outstretched.

Just then, Hades appeared, standing between them.

"You'll never truly defeat me," he said.

With a flick of his wrist, he sent Killian flying into the flames below.

"No!" Emma screamed, as she tried to run toward him, but Hades had frozen her to her spot.

Killian disappeared from view, his screams slowly fading away.

Emma whimpered in her sleep and Killian looked down at her face. A tear slipped from her eye and slid down her cheek. His brow furrowed in concern and he lifted his hand to swipe at the tear with his thumb.

"No!" she suddenly screamed, as her eyes flew open and she bolted up in bed.

Killian's eyes widened in alarm, as he quickly sat up beside her. "Emma? Emma, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

Emma's looked at him through eyes blurry with tears, her chest deflating in relief at the sight of him safe and sound. She threw her arms around him with such force she nearly knocked him off the bed. She buried her face in the crook of his neck, her tears wetting his skin.

"You're okay," she whispered.

Killian stroked her back comfortingly. "I'm fine, love. I'm right here."

Emma pulled back and met his eyes, her hand reaching up to cup his face. "Promise me you'll never leave me again."

"Emma," he said, knowing such promises were not within his control.

"Promise me," she repeated softly but firmly.

The look in her eyes told him she needed to hear the words even though they both knew no such promises could be made.

"I promise," he whispered.

Emma placed her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

"Tell me what happened. What was your nightmare about?" he asked, as

he continued to stroke her back.

Emma swallowed hard, not wanting to relive it. "We all had escaped the Underworld somehow. We had just celebrated at Granny's. You and I were walking home. We were kissing. We were so happy." She paused and sucked in a breath. "Then suddenly you were gone. The earth opened and sucked you back into the Underworld. I followed you and we ended up standing on the cliff over the fiery pit. Then Hades appeared and he...he threw you into the flames. I couldn't do anything. I was helpless. You were gone."

Emma pulled back and Killian cupped her face in his hand, his eyes looking into hers. "It was just a nightmare, Emma. It's not going to happen. We will defeat Hades and then we will have the future we deserve in Storybrooke."

"How can you be so sure?" she asked.

"Because we have fought too hard to have anything less," he said. "I feel it in my heart and I believe it in my soul."

Emma nodded slowly. She could only hope he was right.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you, too," he said.

Killian leaned forward and placed a soft kiss to her lips. He then settled back down on the bed and pulled her down with him. She placed her head on his chest and he wrapped his arm securely around her.

"I don't want to fall asleep again," she said.

"Then just rest, love," he whispered, as he pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Just close your eyes and rest."

Emma squeezed her eyes shut, but it only caused her tears to be forced from her lids. Killian felt her tears hit his chest and he knew if his heart hadn't already stopped, then this surely would have broken it.

They needed to find a way to defeat Hades once and for all and it needed to happen soon. He couldn't stand seeing the woman he loved in such pain. They deserved an amazing future together and Killian was going to make damn sure they got it.

...THE END...

Thanks for reading! I'd appreciate any feedback you'd like to give!
~Steph

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file.